

Duxbury Clipper, Thursday, January 13, 1977

POSTSCRIPTS

by Jack Post

This would be a Currier & Ives winter, home for Christmas with all the snow, the skating scenes on the ice pond, the wood piles ready for the long January nights and all the rest of those comfortably simple scenes, if we could only eliminate the paved roads awash with salty slush, the dirty automobiles that run on them. Off the highways and away from the shopping centers, Duxbury hasn't changed much from a century ago, and if you don't believe it, pull on a pair of heavy boots, bring along a pair of snowshoes if you are so minded, and try some of the wood roads winding through our back country.

You can head either way off Mayflower St. To the north, 3 tracks lead to and around the North Hills marsh, and the pond there that most likely will have fishermen chopping holes through the ice and perhaps pulling out a fine bass or 2 from the channels between the weeds waving deep down below the surface. The frozen expanse makes walking easy so that you do not have to make the long circuit up one side of the pond, over the dam and then down the other, but can cut across if the wind grows too nippy and you want to get back to your car before the January dusk sets in.

South from Mayflower St. the wood road winds down past Round Pond, an area that the Rural Society bought nearly 80 years ago so that the people of Duxbury could enjoy a pleasant carriage drive around its perimeter of a warm evening. Now the area, still owned by the Rural & Historical Society, adjoins the Duxbury Town Forest, which in turn abuts the Audubon Society holdings around North Hill Marsh to the north, where you have just walked, all 3 protected from exploitation, as fine a green belt as any town could desire.

The road to Round Pond bisects the Old Meeting House Rd. which ran from Tarklin above the head of Island Creek Pond to the old meeting house site near the early graveyard in South Duxbury center. You can choose several directions here, either up toward Tarklin which is cut off shortly by the booming traffic of Rte. 3; or the other way, over the ridge and down toward Island Creek. The last alternative is to keep on due south to Tobey Garden St. in Tinkertown, which makes quite a walk, and poses quite a problem on how to get home, unless you

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have someone who will come pick you up; or unless you feel really rugged, and work your way back up the west side of Island Creek Pond to Mayflower St., not far from where you started. That, you will admit if you take it, has proved quite a hike.

If biting winds don't intimidate you, try a walk along the beach. You will have to put up with that extra quarter mile across the bridge before you get there, but the view of the bay jammed with ice or of the steel-gray ocean makes the extra effort worth while if you are properly bundled up with scarf and heavy gloves added to your windbreaker. Usually you will see more back of the beach than you will in the silence of the winter woods inland, for ducks and geese by the thousands raft in the open water, the seagulls circle and wheel keeping you company as you near High Pines.

If you get that far, you will probably be just as happy to turn around and head back, for the beach can be the coldest place in Duxbury. Looking across to Clark's Island, you can easily imagine how the Pilgrims must have felt, working the shallows up into the welcome lee in the dusk of that bitter December day of 1620, soaked to the skin from spray and sleet, not knowing whether to expect hostile Indians in the woods beyond the shore. At least you can see lights beginning to come on in the comfortable houses of Duxbury across the bay and know that you can be home in half an hour if you walk briskly, home to a hot bath and a crackling fire. Privately, as you walk, you give thanks, just as they did over 3½ centuries ago.